

ROCKY LANE WESTERN

MOTION PICTURE AND TV STAR

ROCKY LANE

NO. 62

Featuring His Stallion **BLACK JACK**

WESTERN

Published by B&W Comics



10¢

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MURDER
AND
MASSACRE.
AND MANY OTHERS.

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August, 1954

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ROCKY LANE WESTERN

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Every effort is made to ensure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of advertising entertainment.

MOTION PICTURE AND TV SLAB

Rocky Lane

in **MURDER**
AND
MASSACRE!



MURDER HAS BEEN COMMITTED! IT IS UP TO ROCKY LANE TO FIND THE KILLER OR DIE WITH COUNTLESS OTHERS AS A BAND OF RAMFAGING, REVENGE-SEEKING INDIANS SWOOP DOWN ON A TOWN IN A MASS ATTACK --- BENT FOR MASSACRE!

AS THE NOON-DAY SUN BEATS DOWN ON MAIN STREET IN DRY CREEK CORNERS...

WHILE UPSTAIRS IN THE HOTEL . . .



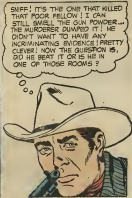
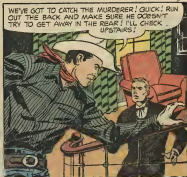
ROCKY LANE WESTERN



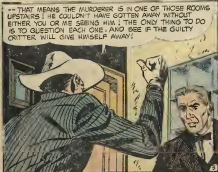
WHILE AT THE SAME TIME, DOWNSTAIRS ...



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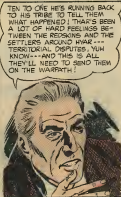
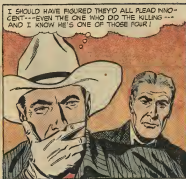


BUT THE CLERK HAS SEEN NO ONE...



ROCKY LANE WESTERN

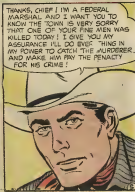
BUT AFTER INTERROGATING THE FOUR MEN LYING ON THE FLOOR...



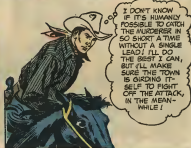
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Rocky
rides
out
to
the
Indian
reser-
vation...



ROCKY LANE WESTERN

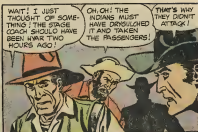


ROCKY RIDES BACK TO TOWN AND THE SUN SETS WITHOUT HIS PICKING UP A CLUE AS TO THE IDENTITY OF THE KILLER...



ROCKY LANE WESTERN

BUT HOUR AFTER HOUR PASSES, AND...



ROCKY FOLLOWS THE TRAIL THE COACH WOULD HAVE BEEN USING BY ROUTE TO TOWN...



I DON'T SEE ANY BODIES! THAT MEANS THEY DIDN'T KILL THE POOR PEOPLE ABOARD! THEY MUST HAVE TAKEN THEM TO THE RESERVATION! I'LL GO SEE! COME ON, BLACK JACK!



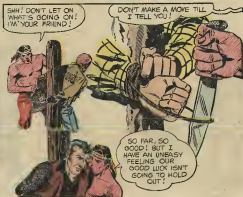
ROCKY RIDES OUT TO THE RESERVATION...



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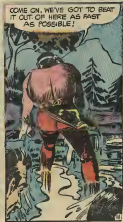
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ROCKY LEADS THEM BACK TO TOWN...

WHAT---OH, OH! THEY'RE FIRING AT ME FROM BEHIND THE BARRICADE! THEY THINK I'M AN INDIAN!



HOLD FIRE! I'M ROCKY LANE! THESE ARE THE MEN WHO WERE ON THE STAGECOACH!

IT'S LANE! LET HIM IN!



YUH RESCUED THEM! HOW DID YUH DO IT?



NO TIME FOR THAT NOW! THE INDIANS WILL BE ATTACKING SOON! THEY'LL REALLY BE ON THE WARPATH, NOW!



IF ONLY I COULD CATCH THAT LOW-DOWN MURDERER AND SHOW HIM TO THE CHIEF, THIS ATTACK WOULD BE OVER BEFORE IT STARTED!



THE WORST THING IS THAT I KNOW IT'S ONE OF THOSE FOUR MAVERICKS IN THE HOTEL! BUT HOW CAN I SMOKE OUT THE GUILTY ONE?



WAIT! I'VE GOT AN IDEA! THIS INDIAN GET-UP WILL HELP ME PUT IT ACROSS!



I'M GOING BACK TO THE HOTEL! CROSS YOUR FINGERS, MEN... MAYBE I CAN PREVENT BLOOD-SHED YET!



ROCKY LANE WESTERN

ROCKY RUSHES BACK TO THE HOTEL...

YES, THEY'RE ALL IN THEIR ROOMS, ROCKY!

GOOD! BRING THEM DOWN AND DON'T LET ON WHO I AM! I'LL FILL UP A JUG OF WATER WHILE YOU'RE GETTING THEM!



NO TIME TO LOSE! IF YOU DON'T DO, MANY INNOCENT PEOPLE DIE!

TSK, TSK! HE'S BREAKING MY HEART! I DON'T CARE HOW MANY GET SCALPED! I'VE GOT A GOOD HIDING PLACE AND I'LL BE SAFE!



WHEN YOU DRINK CUPFUL, YOU NO ABLE TO STOP FROM TELLING TRUTH! GUILTY MAN WILL HAVE TO CONFESS! NO CAN STOP! NOW DRINK!



GO AHEAD! GUILTY MAN GO BACK TO RESERVATION WITH ME! NO ONE ELSE SUPPER! DRINK UP ALL OF YOU! IF ALL INNOCENT, NOTHING TO FEAR!



ON A FEW MOMENTS...

ME MEDICINE MAN OF TRIBE! ME KNOW ONE OF YOU KILLED ROCKY BRAME! ME WANT GUILTY ONE TO CONFESS!

THE POOL! DOES HE EXPECT ME TO GIVE MYSELF UP? HE'LL WAIT A LONG TIME! HA, HA!



NO TALK, EH? THEN ME HAVE TO GIVE YOU SACRED DRINK OF TRUTH! ALL OF YOU MUST DRINK CUP!

WHAT ARE YUH TALKING ABOUT?



IT'S OKAY WITH ME!

ME, TOO!

I HAVE NOTHING TO BE AFRAID OF!

UUP! I'LL BE CAUGHT!



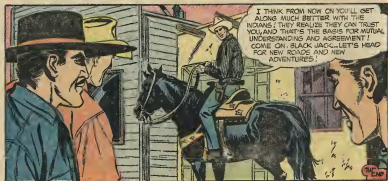
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ROCKY LANE WESTERN



AND, IN A FEW MOMENTS...THE BARRICADE HAS BEEN KNOCKED DOWN...



THE END

Deputy Daisy Donavan



Sheriff Pat Donovan tried to open his swollen eyes. For five days he had been unconscious as a result of the fever. He did his best to say one word. And finally he stretched out his arm and took his wife's hand.

"Daisy", was all he managed to say, and her hand held tenderly the thin fingers of the once powerful sheriff of Logan County. Daisy Donovan no longer cried. She turned to Doc Mortons.

"Isn't there anything we can do? Would it help if we tried to take him to St. Louis by stagecoach?"

Doc Mortons had been trying his best to save the life of his dearest friend. Sadly he shook his head.

"The trip would kill him, Mrs. Donovan. Were it not for his tremendous strength and vitality he would have been dead. All he needs now is just rest. It hasn't been very pleasant for you. Suppose you go out for a spell. My wife will be over and help you with the work."

Daisy Donovan left the room and walked down the hall. It all seemed like a nightmare. Last month she had come from the East to marry Pat Donovan. Things were peaceful in the little Western town of Gulchville. And then the body of Joe Simpson, owner of the Double L ranch, had been found on the side of the road. He had been shot through the head. The three-thousand dollars he had been carrying to the bank had been stolen.

The sheriff had been relentless and tireless in his effort to find the killer. But there wasn't a single clue. And then Slim Magril tried to

sell a watch. The very watch worn by Joe Simpson. The sheriff had arrested him and intended to take him to the county seat. Then the fever struck down the man she loved.

As Daisy Donovan walked from the hall past the one cell in the front of the combination home-office-jail, she heard the familiar voice of Slim Magril.

"How's the sheriff a-comin', Miss Daisy? Terrible thing, the fever. It got my ma and pa. And my older brother Jed. But I know he'll pull through, I think he believed my story."

Daisy Donovan sighed. It had been such an evident lie told by Slim Magril. He had found the watch on a stone and picked it up. Didn't know how it got there. She walked outside for a breath of air.

Down the street was the Lucky Break Saloon. A group of men were in there listening to Leo Miller speak.

"What kind of men are we? Joe Simpson was one of the finest men in the West. Did he have a fighting chance? Shot down by some pale cat. And we all know who did it. The sheriff is sick. It's up to us to see there is law and order in the town. Slim Magril is guilty. He doesn't need a trial. I say we just take him out and get rid of him."

"Suggestin' a little lynching?" asked Carl Barkley. "I'm not the man to beat around the bush. Wastin' good town money feedin' that pale cat. Slim was always doin' things shady. He wanted money so he could head out to Frisco. All we need is just a length of rope. Count me in on the party. I'll tell the boys something is going to happen this afternoon about four. Suggest somebody ride out to the Double L ranch. The fellows out there did like their boss. They should be in on the party."

By three thirty in the afternoon, little groups of men were beginning to congregate on Main Street. Every man was either carrying a six shooter or a rifle. Then a group of cowboys rode in from the Double L ranch.

"Tie our horses outside the saloon," ordered

ROCKY LANE

Pete Ginters to the men with him. "Then we just sort of walk over to the jail. No shootin' 'cause there's gain' to be no person to stop us. We are just goin' to get a customer for the undertaker. That's all."

Hilda Mortons come over to the combination home-office-jail to say something to her husband. Then Doc Mortons come right to the point.

"Suppose you go with my wife to our place for the next few hours. Might be some unpleasant things happening around here. And not for a lady's eyes."

Daisy Donovan walked over to the window. She could see the armed groups of men talking quietly. It didn't require much to come to a simple conclusion of what was going to happen. She walked out of the room into the office. Quickly she took a badge and pinned it on her shirt. Then she buckled on her husband's gun belt. Next she opened the closet. From a rack of guns she took a 20 gauge shot gun and loaded it to capacity with shells. Slim watched her carefully.

"They aim to lynch me, Miss Daisy. Give me a gun and let me die like a man. A woman can't do anything with shootin' hardware."

Daisy Donovan looked carefully at Slim McGill. He was scared, and no doubt about it. There was something she wanted to know.

"Will you swear before your Maker you never did this terrible crime?"

"I swear it," sobbed the frightened man. "Never hurt anyone in my life. I just saw that watch on the stone and picked it up."

With her head a trifle higher, she walked to the door, opened it and looked at the crowd. The men saw her and noticed the six shooter in the holster and the shot gun she was carrying.

"Mrs. Donovan," began Leo Miller, "every man here is a friend of your husband. Inside there is a dirty killer. He stopped Joe Simpson and asked the time of the day. And when Joe took out his watch, he shot him dead. Then took away the money he was carrying. He hid that money some place. We just aim to save the law a little trouble. We are going to take him out of his cell, and never again will he hurt anybody."

There was something that puzzled Daisy Donovan, and she just couldn't put her mental finger on the trouble. But she had to act fast as the men came closer and closer.

"You want to kill a man because he broke the law. But if you kill him, then you break the law. Who is entitled to kill you? According to the law I am that person. If you come any closer, then I shall start shooting. At first I won't kill anybody. I'll just aim for the legs with my shotgun. Then tomorrow I'll ride over

to the county seat and get Federal warrants. Every man with buckshot wounds will be arrested. In addition, I'll swear to your identity."

The assembled men had no doubt she was bluffing. Carl Borkley started to walk right up to the door with his rifle in hand.

"That's what comes from school book learnin'. She must have swallowed some kind of high talk. In we go, boys."

She never lifted the gun to her shoulder. She just swung it around and aimed the barrel at Carl Borkley's two feet. Then she pulled the trigger just once. There was a scream of pain as the man's two feet were penetrated by number ten shot. The mob stopped. They were undecided about what to do.

"What are we waitin' for?" shouted Leo Miller. "Just one woman tryin' to scare us. Push her aside boys, and if she makes trouble she deserves what she gets."

When he had finished those words he started for the door. The mob waited to see what would happen. Three seconds later it knew, as the shot gun blasted another pair of legs. Leo Miller fell on the ground, shrieking in agony.

Something about the entire proceeding struck Pete Ginters as a bit funny. So he expressed himself.

"Never saw a plucky gal like this one, boys. She's cool as they come. And handling all of us by herself. I'm with her. You all better go back and forget that lynch party. Not for today, but for good."

There was a grateful look on Daisy Donovan's face for the unexpected assistance. Then her two eyes opened to full capacity, as her brain solved what was bothering her.

"How does it happen that Leo Miller knew all the details concerning the way Joe Simpson was killed? Can be only one answer. He must have done it himself, then left the watch on a stone for somebody to pick up. He hid himself and watched. Saw Slim do it. Want a killer? There he is on the ground."

The fear on the face of Leo Miller gave him away, but the mob didn't touch him. Instead, Pete Ginters picked him up and said to Daisy Donovan.

"Suppose we put him in the jail and you let Slim go out a free man."

A week had passed, and Daisy Donovan was still the heroine and talk of Logan County. Her husband was well on the way to recovery.

"Mighty proud of you Daisy," he admitted, "but something is worrying you. What is it?"

"You better swear me in right now as a legal deputy, or maybe everything I did was illegal," she replied with a big smile on her face.

The End

ROCKY LANE WESTERN

ROPING 'N' RIDING

ALLAN "Rocky" LANE AND BLACK JACK

HONKY, FARDS --

A WHOLE PRASSEL OF FOLKS FROM BACK EAST WERE IN THIS NECK OF THE WOODS LAST WEEK, VISITING WITH MAFF FLEER AT HIS LAZY-CIRCLE SPREAD OUT IN FINGER CANYON. THEY WERE WHOOPING IT UP AND HAVING THEMSELVES A REGULAR WINGDING OF A TIME LEARNING TO SADDLE AND RIDE THE RANGH PONES...DIDN'T EVEN SEEM TO NOTICE HOW ALL-FIRED HOT THE WEATHER WAS. OR THAT THE GRASS WAS WITHERING IN THE SCORCHING SUN AND EVERYTHING HEREBABOUTS WAS DRY AS CAMPFIRE KINDER.

ONE OF THE VISITORS...A HANDSOME YOUNG STRINGSBEAN OF A FELLER...TOOK IT INTO HIS MIND TO RIDE OUT INTO THE CANYON ONE AFTERNOON. I SAW HIM RAMBLE BY ME AND, BEING RIGHT INTERESTED IN THE EASY WAY HE SAT HIS HORSE, KEPT MY EYE ON HIM. HE REINED UP NEAR A SMALL STAND OF TIMBER, SWUNG OFF HIS SADDLE AND LIT UP A COQARETTE. SORT OF CARELESS-LIKE HE FLIPPED THE BURNING MATCH SMACK-DAB INTO A MESS OF BONE DRY LEAVES AT HIS FEET, THEN HE STRODE AWAY ABSENT-MINDEDLY...PRYING NO MIND TO THE FIRE HE'D JUST STARTED. THE SMOKE BEGAN CURLING UP TOWARD THE NEARBY TREES AND I RAN FORWARD FAST AS MY LEGS WOULD CARRY ME. THE LAST PRAIRIE FIRE I'D SWEATED OUT WAS AS BRILLIANT AS THE DANCING FLAMES ALREADY CLIMBING SKYWARD RIGHT IN FRONT OF MY EYES. BUT I HADN'T TAKEN THREE STEPS BEFORE THE YOUNG RANBY'S HORSE SNORTED, MOVED FORWARD AND STAMPED OUT THAT FIRE AS IF IT WAS A DEADLY ENEMY.

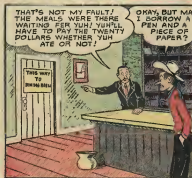
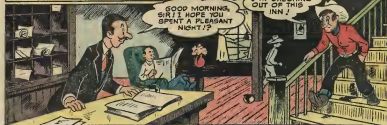
I RECKON THAT SOMETIMES DUMB ANIMALS ACT A LOT SMARTER 'N SOME HUMAN CRITTERS I'VE RUN ACROSS!

BETTER BE MOVING ALONG NOW, FRIENDS. BE SEEING YOU IN OUR NEXT ISSUE...AND ON TV AND FROM THE MOVIE SCREEN OF YOUR LOCAL THEATRE.

YOUR FALS,
Allan "Rocky" Lane
+ BLACK JACK



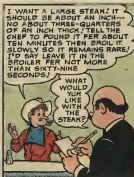
THE BILL AND THE BILL OF FARE



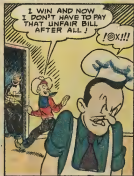
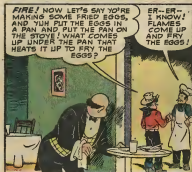
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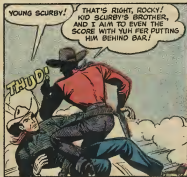


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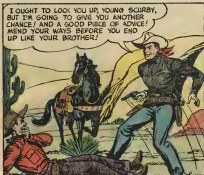
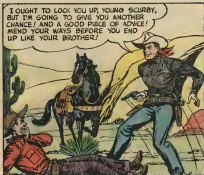
Rocky Lane and The IDLE RUMOR



ONE EVENING, UNDERCOVER MARSHAL ROCKY LANE, RIDES THROUGH THE HILLS OF MONTANA ---



ROCKY LANE WESTERN



ROCKY LANE WESTERN

THE KID ISN'T THE ONLY ONE IN THE FAMILY WHO KNOWS HOW TO CRACK A SAFE / I LINED UP A SWELL JOB -- THE KIRBY RANCH-- BUT IF HE DOESN'T WANT ME TO WORK WITH HIM, I'LL PULL THE ROBBERY MYSELF!



LATER, AT THE KIRBY RANCH ---
DANGBLAST IT, I CAN'T GET IT OPEN! IF ONLY THE KID WERE HERE!

I THOUGHT I HEARD SOME-ONE DOWN HYAR! PUT UP YORE HANDS, YOUNG SCURBY!



NO ONE'S PUTTING ME BEHIND BARS, KIRBY, IF I CAN HELP IT!



I RECKON HE WON'T BE ABLE TO IDENTIFY ME TO THE LAW, BUT ANYWAY I'D BETTER GET OUT OF TOWN PRONTO!



THE NEXT MORNING, AT THE CHIEF MARSHAL'S HEADQUARTERS.

---AND THIS IS THE GUN I FOUND NEAR POOR KIRBY'S BODY!

THOSE INITIALS COULD STAND FOR KID SCURBY! WHAT DO YOU THINK, ROCKY?



I WAS THINKING THE SAME THING, CHIEF! BUT IF KID SCURBY HAD BEEN THERE, HE WOULDN'T HAVE LEFT THE SAFE UNOPENED!

OFFICE



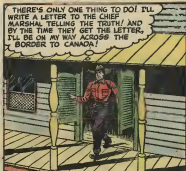
I'M GOING TO HAVE A TALK WITH HIM, CHIEF, IF HE'S STILL AROUND! LET'S HIT THE TRAIL, BLACK JACK!



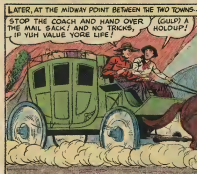
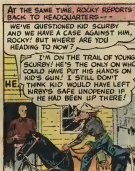
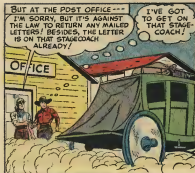
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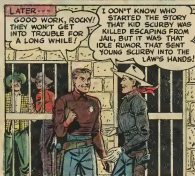
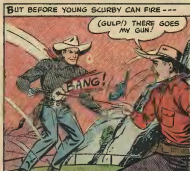
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LI'L BUCK

IRONED OUT!

THEN TELL ME, WHO WAS ANNE BOLEYN?

ANNE BOLEYN WUZ A FLAT IRON.

* ANNE BOLEYN WAS ONE OF KING HENRY THE 8th'S WIVES.

LI'L BUCK.

YES, MAM?

DID YOU READ THE CHAPTER IN YOUR HISTORY BOOK ABOUT KING HENRY THE 8th?

YES, MAM. I DID.

HUH? ANNE BOLEYN WAS A FLAT IRON! WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

THAT'S WHAT IT SAYS RIGHT HYAR IN THE HISTORY BOOK...

...HENRY THE 8th, HAVING DISPOSED OF CATHERINE, PRESSED HIS SUIT WITH ANNE BOLEYN!

HERE'S YOUR MILK.

HUH? GERR, I'M NOT GOING TO LET THEM GET AWAY WITH THIS!

WILBUR THE WAITER
"CLOUDED ISSUE"

HEY, WAITER! COME HERE!

WHAT'S THE MATTER?

PLENTY! THIS MILK YOU GAVE ME IS NO GOOD! IT'S CLOUDY!

OH, NO, NO, YOU'RE WRONG! THE MILK ISN'T CLOUDY -- IT'S JUST THAT THE GLASS IS DIRTY!

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CASE NO. 3. Male, aged 22 years. BED-WETTING since birth. Many forms of treatment failed. Unable to accept treatment to sleep out completely. Severely nervous, and embarrassed by habit. After formula taken, wet bed the first two nights but never after that time.



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CASE NO. 5. Man, 42 years old, wet "heavily." Medication started. Wet during second week and continued in wet state medication was withdrawn for following week. Restarted after next period, and after five-day treatment seemed to retain control of bladder function.

CASE NO. 6. Woman, 16 years old. DRY-TABS formula administered for 2 days. Improvement, upon withdrawal of medication, improvement maintained. Continued gradual return of control. The next without formula and control is accurate.



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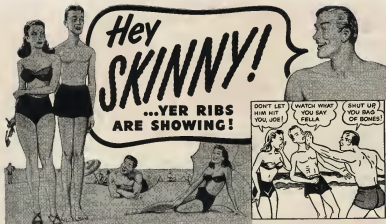
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